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©

THE

Modern Court

OR THE

AMBITIOUS STATESMAN'S
ADVICE to his SON,

In Order to his

Advancement at C-T.

A

P O E M.

In FIVE CANTO'S.

Written by a Noble L--d to his SON.

*O Energy divine of great Ambition,
That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,
And ripen 'em to Men, in spite of Nature.*

Rowe.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by J. TORBUCK in *Clare-Court, Drury-Lane*;
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McGinnis

McGinnis's

ADVICE to his SON

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Written by a Friend of the Author

Author's name

Printed and Sold by the Author

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THE
MODERN COURTIER:
OR THE
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ADVICE to his SON.

CANTO I.

The THEME.

*Ambitious Men should be from Conscience free,
And steer by Michiavelian Policy;
He that would climb aloft must lay aside
The cautious Checks of such a doubtful Guide:
Religion also should be made a Tool,
And Monarch Int'rest govern those that rule.*



Y Son, if to a Courtier's Life inclin'd,
And lust of Pow'r inflames thy
youthful Mind,
Example take by Men of Noble Blood,
And study to be Great, instead of Good;

Aban-

Abandon Conscience, with her dull Restraints,
 Leave her to pious Hypocrites, call'd *Saints*;
 Whene'er she labours to disturb your Rest,
 Strive you the more t'exclude her from your
 Breast:

Treat her, as wealthy Misers do the Poor,
 Tho' she knocks boldly, starve her at the Door;
 For, Tyrant-like, where she Admittance gains,
 She storms and conquers, 'till at last she reigns;
 Then Captive leads the sneaking Fool she awes,
 And strictly governs by her own By-Laws:
 Torments her cow'rdly Victims with Remorse,
 Whene'er they stray from her appointed Course;
 Rules 'em as Teachers do their list'ning Slaves,
 And makes 'em Fools for fear they shou'd be
 Knaves.

From Conscience, therefore, keep your Bosom clear,
 And by the Compass of Ambition steer;
 Be bold when Int'rest calls, and push at all,
 The lofty Climber ne'er shou'd dread a Fall.

In crafty Schemes and Projects, to out-wit
 The Crowd, for your own private Benefit,
 Without much Danger, you may Conscience plead,
 But let her not command one Thought or Deed;

In

In such a Case, what's false you may attest,
 And gently clap your Hand upon your Breast :
 Then, that you may your Game the better play,
 Call her to witness what you gravely say ;
 But, when her sacred Name has serv'd your Ends,
 Lay her aside, as great Men do their Friends,
 Lest o'er your Soul she should in Triumph ride,
 And fill you with P—l— H— Zeal and Pride;
 Make you stiff-neck'd, like him that boasts of Grace,
 And wears his Calling in his Cloak and Face :
 As Bakers, by their Jackets drudg'd with Meal,
 Proclaim the dusty Trade in which they deal ;
 And Heralds, by their painted Coats declare,
 In pompous Cavalcades, whose F—s they are.
 Conscience is binding, Men of Conscience own,
 Then he enjoys most Freedom that hath none ;
 But how can Conscience and the Will agree ?
 If the first binds, how can the last be free ?
 The Church allows Mankind Free-will in vain,
 If Conscience guides, or can that Will restrain ;
 But now the Church and State, to stop the Growth
 Of these Disputes, give Liberty to both :
 Dear Liberty, that glorious, blessed Name !
 Take care, my Son, that you enjoy the same.
 Be rid by no Church Principles, not one ;
 Fly all Religions, be enslav'd by none :

Banter

Banter the Text, make Popery your Scoff,
 Call yourself Protestant, and that's enough ;
 To which more Politick, than pious Name,
 A thousand Hydra-Sectaries lay claim :
 If this Profession with your Mind agrees,
 You may still serve your Int'rest, hug your Ease,
 And be as loose a Christian as you please. }

When by Free-thinking you have clear'd your
 Mind

Of Conscience, that Disturber of Mankind,
 Which from old musty Precepts has its Rise,
 And breeds the very Worm that never dies ;
 Laugh at those humdrum Zealots, who postpone
 The Joys of Life, for Happiness unknown,
 And hope, by living Slaves and Wretches here,
 To merit Crowns of Glory, G-d knows where.
 Consider Virtue as a Schoolman's Dream,
 Which, without Riches, meets with no Esteem;
 In Cottages and Rags she may be found,
 But rarely grasps the Sceptre and the Mound ;
 Unletter'd Fools may to her Laws submit,
 But Guides of all Opinions know the Cheat ;
 Virtue is nothing but an outside Show,
 An empty something, like a well-dress'd Beau.

Has And

Has little in her, search'd by Men of Wit,
 But Folly, Ostentation, and Deceit;
 Looks coy at first, but will her Charms unfold,
 When home-attack'd by Flattery or Gold;
 And among tim'rous Lovers, young and nice,
 Is but the Lure to each succeeding Vice;
 For where she seems most safely to reside,
 There is she daily most attack'd and try'd,
 Till, by Degrees, her boasted Vigour fails,
 And Nature, spight of all her Power, prevails:
 No Fort so strong, no Governor so wise,
 No pious Wife, or Virgin so precise,
 But may be brib'd, or taken by Surprize.

Depend on no one's Virtue, not your own,
 To-day she stands her Ground, to-morrow flown;
 Love neither Sex for her peculiar Sake,
 Lest you, too late, should find your gross Mistake;
 Let not her Charms allure you, to adhere
 To any starving Cause, tho' ne'er so clear:
 Depend not on wise Providence, that rules
 The World, to pour down Miracles on Fools.
 Be always cautious, busy not your Thoughts
 With sham Conspiracies, or real Plots;
 But mind your Safety, court the strongest Side,
 And let your Int'rest be your constant Guide,
 That

That never lies, or hides from human View,
 But is to all Men, at the Bottom, true;
 Reason itself, must here its Sceptre wave,
 And to victorious Int'rest be a Slave,
 That never fails of Advocates and Friends,
 Kings, Fleets and Armies, seek no other Ends,
 For Wealth alone, the jarring World contends. }

In all you do, let Int'rest be your Aim,
 Pursue it as the Hunter does his Game :
 That, rightly manag'd, in precarious Times,
 May into Virtues turn your greatest Crimes,
 Give costly Schemes a parsimonious Face,
 And polish ill Designs, tho' ne'er so base.
 Int'rest, in ev'ry Nation, is ador'd,
 And reigns o'er all Men, as a sovereign Lord ;
 The very Name's so efficacious grown,
 That if you'd bite the Country or the Town, }
 Pretend but publick Int'rest, and the Cheat goes
 down. }

Therefore, my Son, thou Darling of my Heart,
 If you design to act a Courtier's Part,
 Mind not the hide-bound Doctrines of the Schools,
 But square your Life by more extensive Rules,
 Such

Such as once practis'd and pursu'd with Care,
 Rais'd a poor Priest into the Papal Chair,
 And, back'd with Boldness, have, in Time of Yore,
 Advanc'd succesful Slaves to sov'reign Pow'r;
 Then shake off bugbear Conscience, O my Son!
 And into no Religious Mazes run,
 But hug the golden Precepts I have here laid
 down.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing CANTO.

*Conscience in Youth, may be a while deprest,
 And seem to slumber in a careless Breast;
 But Time shall come when she'll again awake,
 And give the fleshly Tenement a Shake,
 Hold up, before the trembling Sinner's Eyes,
 A List of all his Crimes, to his Surprise,
 When least expected, re-assume her Pow'r,
 And, like an angry Lyon, loudly rore
 In the dark Bosom, where she slept before.*

C A N T O II.

The THEME.

*How Conscience and Religion should be us'd,
Not strictly follow'd, nor in Words abus'd.
That all dissembl'd Revere'nce should be paid
To Priests, and the Church seemingly obey'd.
That Reason is to Truth the surest Guide,
And a just Judge, unbrib'd of any Side.*

IF you wou'd be wise, from vulgar Errors free,
And great, as I presume you wish to be,
Let no Opinion take too deep a Root,
But, to the Times, your dear Religion suit;
Put on the Shadow, that may be allow'd,
But leave the Substance to the servile Crowd,
They're destin'd to be Slaves, and must obey
The Mitre, or the Sword, that bears the Sway,
Their restless savage Minds, by Nature rude,
Must be reform'd by Creeds, by Craft fudg'd;
Ty'd down to Faith, by Miracles of old,
But lightly credited by whom they're told;
What then! 'tis fit such Tales should be believ'd,
The common Troop are born to be deceiv'd.
But thou, my Son! art of a nobler Kind,
And ought to bear a more exalted Mind,

Than

Than to be cow'd and tutor'd by a Crew
 Of proud religious Dolts, except a few,
 That know no more the Truth of what they }
 teach than you.

However, guard your Tongue, give no Offence,
 But speak of sacred Things with Reverence;
 Frequent the Church, do Homage to your Pew,
 And there dissemble well, as others do;
 Hold up your Hat, as Madam does her Fan,
 And publish all the outward Zeal you can;
 Some Saints may in true Piety abound,
 But in this knowing Age they're rarely found;
 Nor has the World a Touch-stone, yet to shew
 The false external Christian from the true;
 For both, when so disposed, may, in the Face,
 Wear the same outward Signs of inward Grace:
 Therefore in Church-Affairs, cajole your Priest,
 And be an artful Hypocrite, at least;
 Bow to the Clergy, give the Gown the Wall,
 Humour their Pride, when in your Way they fall,
 In Publick no due Reverence neglect,
 But always treat 'em with the best Respect;
 Ambassadors have Title to the same
 Regard, that their commanding Masters claim,
 Salute

Salute them with Submission, every where,
 As what they would be, or as what they are;
 Dispute no Point of Faith that they maintain,
 But yet, like them, make Godliness your Gain;
 Be friendly to 'em all, but take good Care,
 You're not Priest-ridden, tho' you speak 'em fair;
 Make 'em not too familiar in your House,
 Nor trust 'em with your Daughter or your Spouse;
 Lest on their Weakness they too far intrude,
 And make them too religious to be good.
 None knows how far they may the Text explain,
 For Priests are Flesh and Blood like other Men;
 Or fair Queen *Emma*, by her godly Son,
 That pious *Saint* that rul'd the *British* Throne,
 Had ne'er perhaps been charg'd with doing ill,
 Or pass'd the glowing Plowshares of *Ordeal*.

Talk of Religion, with the utmost Aw,
 Not as a Science, but a Sacred Law,
 As if she dropt from Heaven, to restrain
 The fordid Minds and sinful Lusts of Men;
 Improv'd in ev'ry Age, by slow Degrees,
 Till chang'd from what she was to what she is;
 No matter, take her as Reform'd of late,
 Not in her pristine, but her present State;

Churches

Churches, like Thrones, must Revolutions feel,
 And have their casual Rounds in Fortune's Wheel;
 Religion warps and changes with the Times,
 And oftens turns Mens Virtues into Crimes,
 Or, thro' her Priests Self-int'rest or Mistake,
 Does, *Vice versa*, whiten Deeds when black;
 What! tho' she teaches Subjects to obey,
 She soon disarms the Prince that bears the Sway,
 And, if embrac'd with too sincere a Zeal,
 Makes him neglectful of the Common-weal,
 Effeminates the Mind that should be brave,
 And to the Mitre makes the Crown a Slave,
 External Sanctity great Men should wear,
 Go oft' to Church, and seem devout at Pray'r;
 But use her as her grave Defenders do,
 Make her still gainful, whether false or true,
 Like them, her Rights and Extra-Forms obey,
 But have her Laws at Heart, no more than they:
 Heroick Minds a bolder Course should steer,
 Religion only teaches Kings to fear;
 Exemplar Piety ne'er serves a Throne,
 But often wrongs the Prince that sits thereon;
 For this old Maxim Ages have maintain'd,
 Whenever Kings were *Saints*, the Clergy reign'd.
 Then pious Frauds were sanctify'd with Grace,
 And flatt'ring Knaves turn'd Hypocrites apace,
 Seeking

Seeking fresh Bounties, in a godly Way,
 Till all the Prince could give was made their Prey;
 Thus, when a Monarch's more devout than wife,
 His lewdest Courtiers will deceive his Eyes,
 And ev'ry Knave seem holy in Disguise. }

*So, when a foreign Vice creeps in at Court,
 'Tis soon indulg'd by all the nobler Sort,
 And, from those upper Ranks descending down,
 Becomes a Mode with every Fop in Town.*

As low Degrees thus imitate the Great,
 And wisely change with ev'ry Change of State,
 So the learn'd Offspring of our British Schools,
 Adapt their Precepts to the Pow'r that rules;
 For great Preferments, whereso'er they lie,
 Guide both the florid Tongue and tempt the Eye;
 No gifted Brother sure was e'er so vain
 To tire his Lungs, without a View of Gain;
 The Bull in Barren Grounds proclaims his Need,
 And with Impatience rores for better Feed;
 The Crow o'er fruitless Hills in silence flies,
 But croaks and flutters where the Carrion lies.
 So Man, that Brute of Reason, hunts his Prey,
 And labours to be fat as well as they;
 The Priest, tho' ne'er so pious, learn'd and good,
 Like other craving Mortals, must have Food:

And

And should Church Cupboards be no longer free,
 But lock'd by Law, and Conscience keep the Key,
 What sordid pious Guide, would not, if poor,
 Contrive to pick the Lock, or force the Door?

A wise Man cannot think good Men deserve
 The World's Applause, because they proudly starve,
 And, in Contempt of a misgovern'd State,
 Make that their Choice, which rather seems their
 Fate.

Content, perhaps, may, in a low Degree,
 Be rarely found, but not in Poverty;
Stoicks may argue, and our Teachers cant,
 But Happiness can ne'er agree with Want;
 Our wiser Guides well know they ne'er unite,
 But, like the distant Poles, are opposite;
 Therefore, the Pow'rs in Being they obey,
 And seek a happy Life the gainful'st Way,
 They with the wav'ring World, know how to
 deal,
 And change their Minds as Fortune turns her
 Wheel,
 Stand to no Point, like conscientious Fools,
 But suit their Doctrine to the Power that rules;
 What ! tho' a Prince invades another's Throne,
 Possession makes the Diadem his own,

The

The Church must blot the Loser out, and pray
 For him that has obtain'd the sov'reign Sway;
 No matter, unto whom the Reins are given,
 All is pursuant to the Will of Heaven:
 Therefore, take care, be flexible and wise,
 Let no Disputes within your Breast arise,
 Concerning Right or Wrong, but put your Trust
 In those that reign, and think their Title just;
 Right, without Strength, is but an empty Name,
 Pretentions to a Crown are always lame,
 Without a potent Army to support the same. }

In publick Conflicts make the Church your
 (Guide,

The Clergy always take the surest Side;
 Swear as they do, lose nothing for an Oath,
 But steadily observe their Faith and Troth;
 They know their Int'rest, and in that they find
 Continual Safety, and a quiet Mind:
 They ne'er debate the Justice of a Cause,
 But steer their Doctrines by the Nation's Laws,
 For Conscience Sake, no foolish Hazards run,
 But always take religious Care to shun
 That odious Sin, of being quite undone. }

There-

Therefore, in War, domestick Jars or Peace,
 Follow their Steps, you ne'er can tread amiss,
 The yielding, easy Temper, that complies
 With all the monstrous Changes that arise,
 Is happy, still, in ev'ry Turn of State,
 None but the Stubborn are unfortunate:
 Ev'n Providence itself, we see gives Way,
 To Things, that we count wicked, ev'ry Day,
 Then who, when Int'rest calls, that's in his Wits,
 Would disapprove what Providence permits:
 But, in all Changes, cautiously advance,
 And make the most of ev'ry present Chance?
 Let no religious Checks or sacred Ties,
 Cause your bright Soul to be more nice than wise;
 As to the other World, let that Affair
 Alone, like Men of Honour, till you're there,
 You're non-repenting Sinners only find
 The sweet Effects of an unshaken Mind,
 That dreads no future Hell, regards no Priest,
 But sleeps at Ease in a remorseless Breast.
 What's Conscience but a doubtful Light unseen,
 Which wise Men, as they please, put out or in?
 The Lanthorn's dark, wherein the Meteor burns,
 And all Men use it as it serves their Turns;
 When Int'rest calls, it, like a Comet, shines,
 But, in Affairs repugnant, it declines;

Self-preservation gives a partial Puff,
 That douts the Flame and only leaves the Snuff:
 All Parties, Factions ev'ry jarring Side,
 Pretend alike to this unerring Guide;
 Tho', in Religion, they're Eternal Foes,
 And vent their mutual Hate in Words and Blows;
 Oppress each other with Religious Spight,
 Yet darling Conscience tells 'em all they're right.
 Thus Christian, Pagan, Turk and Jew contend,
 And Tooth and Nail their diff'rent Faiths defend;
 With equal Zeal one happy End pursue,
 Some in old beaten Tracts and some in new,
 Believe in each as they are blindly led,
 Heav'n has no other Path but what they tread.
 Whence can these partial Sentiments arise,
 That poison Fools and even taint the Wise,
 But from old fictitious Tales, which in our Youth,
 Are pass'd upon our tender Years for Truth?
 Gossips, by whom we are in Childhood nurs'd,
 Fright us with Bugbears of Religion first,
 Or Parents early Documents, at least,
 Prepare us, while we're Infants, for the Priest,
 And thus by artful Managements, like these,
 They bend our Fancies to what Faith they please;
 Teach us, with their Opinions to agree,
 And, as they like or differ, so do we;

From

From hence our various Conſciences ariſe,
 Thoſe dim uncertain lights that wrong our Eyes,
 And make us ſuch invet'rate Enemies.

My Son, let no ſuch Light your Reaſon blind,
 Avoid this *Ignis Fatuus* of the Mind;
 Cheat not yourſelf, by following ſuch a Guide,
 That always ſteers too narrow or too wide:
 A Pha'ton that too often runs aſtray,
 And knows not how to keep the middle Way;
 A Zeal that glows in the religious Mind,
 And with contentious Heat inflames Mankind;
 A *gens ſe quoy*, that all Opinions boaſt,
 And yet a Cloak that Knaves make uſe of moſt;
 A partial Judge, who little Juſtice heeds,
 When that great Orator, Self-intereſt, pleads;
 But gravely condeſcends to what is vile,
 And cries out, Conſcience! Conſcience! all the while.

Therefore, my Son, be careful how you truſt
 Thoſe pious *Saints* that ſeem ſo over juſt,
 Since all Mankind, except poor honeſt Fools,
 Square to their Int'reſt their religious Rules;
 Some thriving Faith moſt zealouſly embrace,
 And where they find moſt Gain, ſeek out for Grace.

The

The cunning Zealot steers his happy Course,
 Not by his tender Conscience, but his Purse,
 Not by that wild uncertain Guide that frames
 A thousand Sects, and bears as many Names:
 In Princes Courts, where Quality reside,
 With pious Ladies, Conscience is but Pride:
 In Statesmen, avaricious Policy,
 In the poor Subject's Bosom, Loyalty;
 Undaunted Courage in the Bold and Brave,
 Faithful Obedience in the humble Slave:
 In Woman Virtue, Honour in the Great;
 But a meer *Proteus* in the Church and State.
 Therefore, since all Men bend her as they please,
 To suit their Humour, Int'rest, or their Ease,
 Let Conscience never gain the upper-hand,
 But give to Reason the supreme Command;
 That, if well study'd, is a good High-priest,
 And of all Teachers will be found the best:
 In grand Affairs her Arguments prevail,
 And in the wisest Councils turn the Scale.
 Reason, the highest Attribute of Man,
 By which the Wise do all Religions scan;
 The ancient Founder of our Laws and Creeds,
 The truest Touch-stone of our Words and Deeds:
 By her we wisely govern or obey,
 And fairly try what all Men do or say.

Who

Who then, but those nurs'd up in holy Pride,
For any doubtful Rule, would lay aside
So just a Judge, and so sincere a Guide?

Moral Reflections on the foregoing CANTO,

*The Statesman that would long succesful be,
Must by Religion square his Policy;
For human Cunning, in a Christian Realm,
Has not sufficient Strength to rule the Helm.
The Church and Crown, if Things are manag'd right,
Must in all Councils cordially unite;
Where they divide, sure Ruin is at hand,
For that's the Kingdom meant which cannot stand.*

C A N T O III.

The T H E M E.

*How a young Courtier should himself deport,
What Talents are most useful in a Court,
Of Methods to insinuate with the Great,
And how to raise his Fortune in the State;
Which Way to make the Female Sex his Friends,
And by what Means to gain his wish'd-for Ends.*

Who **I**f you desire, among the nobler Sort,
To raise your Fortune in a Prince's Court,
Be

Be bold, be civil, flatter like the rest,
 But keep a constant Padlock on your Breast:
 Converſe with Courtiers in a cautious Way,
 Let no Man know your Mind by what you ſay,
 But, like the Pagan Oracles of old,
 Speak well, yet let your Senſe be double-fold;
 At leaſt, when you by Accident debate
 Such weighty Matters as concern the State:
 For then, if Chance your Judgment ſhould defeat,
 Your Wit may help you to a ſafe Retreat,
 By ſtraining Words, you did before expreſs,
 To Meanings, that may ſuit the preſent Caſe:
 For when, as wav'ring Nature prompts, you chuſe
 To deal in Love, Court-flatt'ry, or Abufe,
 That Logic call'd *fallacious* will be found of uſe.

Cloſely attend the Court, watch ev'ry Hour,
 The Motions of the fav'rite Clan in Pow'r;
 Of their State-conduct Obſervation make,
 Note all their Slips, and ev'ry Step they take;
 Remark their Foibles, let no darling Vice,
 Or pers'nal Failing, 'ſcape your Ears or Eyes;
 Till, in your common Place-book, you can ſee
 The Characters of all the Miniſtry,
 That when it ſuits your Int'reſt or your Spite,
 Your Pen may paint 'em either black or white.

For Men that aim at Pow'r must first be Spies,
 The Knowledge of a Court makes Courtiers wise,
 No Youth without such useful Wings can rise.

If you have Parts sufficient to converse
 With him that steers the Helm, and rules the Purse,
 By artful Means insinuate, if you can,
 And make yourself his Tool, his only Man;
 Stickle at nothing that may gain his Love,
 But still regard your Safety as you move;
 To sooth his Vices, lay your own aside,
 Share in his Faults, but don't be griggify'd,
 Run ev'ry Length, if safe, that he can ask,
 Help on his Schemes, and glory in the Task;
 Humour his Passions, like an artful Bride,
 Indulge his Lust, and gratify his Pride;
 In all Things ape him, whether lewd or chaste,
 As if your Souls in the same Mould were cast;
 For 'tis observ'd, like Tempers often prove
 The prime Occasion of succeeding Love;
 Pry into every Secret of his Breast,
 Let no *Arcanum* unattempted rest;
 But this grand Part must be with Art perform'd,
 When he's in Wine, or with some Passion warm'd,

Then

Then is your Time to sift, when Wisdom's Rein
 Hangs loose beneath his wild disorder'd Brain,
 For Statesmen have blind Sides as well as weaker Men.

But, if you find him too reserv'd and wise
 To take a chearful Glas, for fear of Spies;
 Or that his Tongue should casually let slip
 Some deep Design or Plot before it's ripe,
 Take it for granted, be he grave or gay,
 He spends his Leisure-hours some other Way,
 To sooth unbridl'd Nature, and regale
 Those loose Desires that do the most prevail:
 For e'ery Mortal hugs within his Breast,
 Some darling Vice that supercedes the rest;
 If amorous he proves, you may be sure,
 He's not without his charming Paramour,
 Whose Youth and Beauty, those united Pow'rs,
 Ingross the Statesman at his vacant Hours,
 Unman him, as the Fair do other Fools,
 And tempt him to recede from Wisdom's Rules:
 For few, by dint of Policy or Arms,
 Can soar above the Reach of Female-charms;
 When Beauty does her awful Looks display,
 Nature, in spite of Reason, will obey;

No Philosophic Maxim e'er could prove
 Sufficient Armour 'gainst the Force of Love,
 That raging Fire that scorches ev'ry Crown,
 And melts the sordid'st Politician down;
 What tho' he wisely steers the Helm of State,
 No man was ever yet too proud or great,
 To gratify his Lust, or to revenge his Hate.

If this weak Side affect the lofty Man,
 Whose useful Secrets you attempt to gain,
 You then must change your Shape, as Players do,
 And act another Part, the Scene is new;
 In this attempt, pray make it first your Care
 To know what Lady is his darling Fair,
 In what peculiar Graces she excels,
 Her Quality, her Name, and where she dwells;
 Gift but his Servants, in an artful Way,
 And you may learn some Truths by what they say,
 They're always Spies upon their Master's Faults,
 And, like unguarded Fools, soon shoot their Bolts.

But, if this Method fails you, still go on,
 There are more Passes to the Wood than one,
 Seek out some rev'rend Lady, in Decay,
 Who wisely manages Intrigues for Pay,

D

Such

Such as old *J—s*, in a former Reign,
 For Courts have *B—s* as well as *Drury-Lane*,
 Consult this grave experienc'd Dame, and she
 May tell you who this Paramour must be,
 Especially, if you a present make
 Of Gold, fine Citron-water, Tea or Rack;
 And as you more and more familiar grow,
 Ply her with Cordials till her Spirits glow,
 And she'll, perhaps, discover what you want
 to know.

When once you've gain'd these necessary Points,
 Learn what Diversions Madam most frequents;
 Whether in Plays or Concerts she delights,
 Or spends at Masquerades her liesure Nights;
 If she loves Gaming, know her Carding Days,
 And at what crafty Matron's House she plays;
 For cast-off Ladies, who have ply'd at Court,
 When old, keep Ombre-tables for Support,
 Where they instruct young Gam'sters when they
 meet,

How to intrigue, and how at Cards to cheat;
 As poor unhappy Heralds, when decay'd,
 Teach upstart Squires to blazen Arms, for Bread
 If to these Pastimes she has no Desire,
 Pray stop not here, but further still enquire,

Whether

Whether, in Summer, she the Town forfakes,
 And at some publick Wells her Pleasure takes,
 With purging Waters, and refreshing Air,
 To bleech her Skin, and make her Looks more
 fair;

For *English* Ladies, tho' reserv'd and proud,
 By long repeted Custom, are allow'd,
 Like the celestial Orbs, to move and shew
 Their bright angelick Forms to common View;
 Such lovely beauteous Dames, so much desir'd,
 By whose Vesuvian Eyes our Hearts are fir'd,
 Were made, like blazing Stars, to be admir'd.

Pursue her closely wherefoe'er she goes,
 And flutter round her Charms like other Beaus;
 If in the Walks, where Quality resort,
 And Cupid makes their bleeding Hearts his Sport,
 You chance to meet fair Madam in your Way,
 Bow low and some uncommon Def'rence pay,
 Dissemble Looks and Sighs that may declare
 The Pains you suffer, from the Love you bear,
 And, if she likes you, by Degrees, you'll find
 Her rowling Stars will explicate her Mind;
 Then tender your Address, and not till then,
 For this old Maxim Lovers still retain,

The

The wimbling Eye, in e'ery fresh Amour
Should pierce the Breast, before the Tongue
should bore.

Observe her Steps, to th'Raffling-shops repair,
Make yourself always one, if she be there ;
Put down your Stake, and when the Dice are thrown,
Present to her what Fortune makes your own.
By these Gradations artfully proceed,
Till both your Minds are mutually agreed ;
Then press her Favours with a comely Grace,
And manfully make use of Time and Place:
But this transcendant Point must be obtain'd,
Before she finds you know her keeping Friend,
Or, by her Fear, she'll conquer her Desire,
And seem to be all Ice, when you are Fire.
Nay, turn the Tables, and, perhaps, to shew
Her Charms more constant, and her Love more
true,
Create a fatal Difference 'twixt her Friend and you.

But if by prudent Means you make her kind,
And bring her to be subject to your Mind,
Then tell the Dame, when in her Arms you've slept
You know the Secret, and by whom she's kept.

But still make large Professions of your Love,
 Such as may all her Doubts and Fears remove;
 Lest her wild Thoughts should operate awry,
 And dictate, you're no Lover, but a Spy,
 Sent by her Keeper to excite her Lust,
 And try how far she is reserv'd and just.
*A Method some young Fools, of vicious Lives,
 Have, to their Sorrow, practis'd with their Wives*

Remove all such Suspensions from her Breast,
 Till of your faithful Friendship she's possess'd;
 Then you may make th'intriguing Dame of use,
 In all your great Designs and gainful Views:
 For wanton Woman, if you once can gain
 Her Heart, by pleasing more than other Men,
 Will cheat her Keeper, rob her Father's Chest,
 Do all the Wrongs that Virtue can detest,
 To serve the dear Gallant she likes the best.

Thus Kings and Princes have been oft betray'd,
 And Pimps and Stallions Politicians made;
 For brilliant Ladies of the nobler Sort,
 That shine among the ruling Stars at Court,
 Blending their lovely Charms with female Craft,
 Soon teach their Fav'rites how to climb aloft.

If you desire to be a Man of Note,
 You must pay Homage to the Petticoat;
 Please but some gay young D—s, under-hand,
 And you perhaps may half the C—t command:
 Statesmen, 'tis true, may seem to bear the Sway,
 But lovely Woman makes ev'n them obey,
 And often governs with more Art than they.

Therefore, my Son, take care that you remove
 All Scruples that impede clandestine Love.
 When Int'rest calls you to a Lady's Arms,
 Regard not who has Title to her Charms,
 But act like other Courtiers, and pursue
 The richest Game that proles within your View,
 And you may rise to be you know not what,
 or who.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing CANTO.

*When wicked Statesmen hold Astræa's Scales,
 Bribery must give the Weight whilst Craft prevails,
 Justice herself be treated with Disdain,
 And starving Virtue beg Relief in vain;
 The Rev'rend Mitre by the Sword be aw'd,
 And all that's holy made a Cloak to Fraud:
 Yet, in all Ages, Christians have confest,
 That honest Policy still proves the best;*

For

*For tho' a Builder, with a skilful Hand,
May raise a Tow'r upon a Bank of Sand,
Tet the next Storm, which he must surely dread,
May blow the tott'ring Babel on his Head.*

CANTO IV.

The T H E M E.

*When freed from all religious Rules that bind
To pious Works the well-instructed Mind,
And render'd fit, by any Means, tho' base,
To squeeze and elbow into Pow'r and Place,
What is the surest Method to secure
A Country Borough, ignorant and poor;
What to observe, among the Wise and Great,
When first admitted to a Chapel-seat:
How artful Leaders subtil Points debate,
When some are for, and some against the State.*

WHEN, Politician-like, you've bid adieu
To moral Virtue and Religion too,
And borrow'd, to perform a Courtier's Part,
A Lamb-skin Outside, and a Fox's Heart,
That your external Innocence may charm
The World, when you design the greatest Harm,
Then shape your Course to some exalted Sphere,
And, like an artful Pilot, boldly steer:

Let

Let neither Fear of Rocks or Shelves retard
 Your daring Voyage, tho' the Wind blows hard;
 But tack, as ev'ry shifting Gale requires,
 Till you have gain'd the Port of your Desires.
 The Gold of *India* is not got with Ease,
 He that will fetch it must defy the Seas;
 The brave ambitious Youth should conquer all
 The Rubs that Fortune in his Way lets fall:
 Great Birds, in spite of Clouds, will upwards fly,
 Th'aspiring Eagle dreads no stormy Sky,
 For, if she did, she'd never soar so high.

When you have well imbib'd my useful Rules
 Instead of those supported by the Schools,
 And shaken off all consciencious Ties,
 As most Men do that to Perferment rise;
 Then, at the next Election, fill your Purse,
 And to some starving Borough have Recourse;
 Put on your gravest Looks, Selam the May'r,
 Court all his Brethren, speak 'em wondrous fair;
 Kiss their old Wives, make much of the Forsooths,
 And tongue your Gold into their toothless Mouths;
 Feast all th' Electors with substantial Cheer,
 Roast Sirloins, powder'd Buttocks and strong Beer,
 Harangue 'em at their Meetings, and complain
 Of warlike Taxes in a peaceful Reign,

And

And, with a sighing Breast and shaking Head,
 Lament aloud the sad Decay of Trade;
 Have no Regard to Truth, but rack your Brain,
 And must'r up all the Grievances you can;
 Then boldly charge the same upon the great
 Misconduct of some Fav'rite in the State,
 Who sits at Helm, surrounded by his Friends,
 And forms new Projects for his own By-ends,
 Such as, if fairly open'd, would surprize
 The Senate's Ears and all the Nation's Eyes;
 No Matter what's his Post, or whose the Man,
 Make you his Crimes as monstrous as you can,
 Calumniate stoutly, whether false or true,
 Regard not that, when Int'rest is in View:
 The list'ning Burghers, that attend your Feast,
 Will cast the Blame on him they like the least;
 They'll point out some proud Minister of State,
 Whose Greatness has incurr'd the People's Hate,
 And at his Door, with Indignation, lay
 The utmost Faults your Genius can display;
 For ev'ry needy Knave and starving Fool
 Charge all they suffer upon those that rule:
 Therefore great Men are easily defam'd,
 The Fox sometimes is wrongfully condemn'd }
 Both oft are guilty, but more often blam'd.

E

When

And

When with due Caution you have play'd this Part,
 And blacken'd some proud Minister, with Art,
 Set furth the Nation's Grievances at large,
 Her useless Forces and her needless Charge,
 Plots without Colour, Danger without Grounds,
 Excessive Taxes and deficient Funds,
 And all the Wrongs that a misguided Helm
 Can bring upon an injur'd jealous Realm;
 Then give some Hints of a Design in hand,
 To cure these Evils which afflict the Land;
 Which to the Senate shall be mov'd, in case
 You timely should obtain a proper Place:
 Promise a thousand Things you ne'er intend,
 And that's the surest Way to gain your End;
 Copy the holy Father, till you get
 The tempting Fish, then lay aside the Net:
 Say what is pleasing, whether false or true,
 Impose on your Inferiors, then you'll do
 No more than what your Betters do by you.

These are but Methods which in former Time
 Were us'd, and Custom takes away the Crime;
 What monstrous Evils in the Days of Yore,
 Have not been practis'd to arrive at Pow'r;
 That lofty wav'ring Sphere, which makes the Great
 Appear distorted, be they ne'er so streight?

So the gay Dolphin, on his Prey intent,
 Springing above his native Element,
 Seems always crooked to the Sailor's Eye,
 Tho' finely form'd by Nature, not awry.

When by these Arts, so much in Vogue of
 late,
 You've gain'd sure Footing in the School of State,
 Look round that wise Assembly, and you'll find
 Three Parties, each of a peculiar Kind;
 One to the Court by strong Engagements ty'd,
 Another thrifty Clan to Trade ally'd,
 The third substantial Worthies, County Knights,
 Sincere Defenders of the People's Rights,
 Who, with unsully'd Palms, discharge their Trust,
 And to the common Cause prove always just;
 These, well descended of an antient Race,
 In Parchment-Scrolls their Origin can trace,
 And, to their Honour, shew, in Deeds of old,
 Clear Titles to the solid Wealth they hold:
 These are the Tuscan Order, that support
 The tall Corinthian Pillars of the Court,
 And, in the worst Immurgencies, sustain
 The galling Taxes of a costly Reign.

The

The former two in Riches rise and fall,
 As wiser Heads for their Assistance call,
 Stocks and Court-favours make 'em Friends or
 Foes

To any Int'rest or depending Cause ;
 These of contending Parties make the most,
 Till tedder'd down by Pension or by Post,
 Then, leaning all one Way, to serve the State,
 They seem more crooked as they grow more great;
 No Wonder, since each Mortal that aspires,
 Must bend and wind as the steep Hill requires.

However climb, and never mind the Fraye,
 No Man in Pow'er can their Reproach escape,
 Envy alone distempers common Eyes,
 All lofty Objects do their Sight surprize;
 As Dunhil Poultry, in their sudden Frights,
 Take harmless Birds upon the Wing for Kites,
 So the dull Crowd, as silly Brutes as they,
 Think all that climb above 'em Beasts of Prey.

Now, plac'd among this wise Divan of State,
 Where clashing Parties weighty Points debate,
 Look round the Senate, and perhaps you'll find,
 Some angry Patriot factiously inclin'd,

Whose

Whose restless Soul cannot, with Patience, bear
The Helm of State beneath a Rival's Care,
But, fir'd with proud Ambition and Disgust,
Resolves to thwart him, tho' his Schemes are just;
And, to disturb the Junto that's in Pow'r,
Invents surprising Storms that never low'r;
Alarms the Populace with Dangers near,
When all looks prosp'rous, and the Coast is clear,
Forms a new grumbling Party to oppose
The Measures of the Court, tho' wisely chose,
And, at the Head of these, against the State,
Exerts his Lungs in e'ery warm Debate;
Cajoles his Foll'wers with fallacious News,
Prompts 'em to speak, and gives 'em all their Cues;
Commands their pliant Tongues two diff'rent
Ways,
And makes them, as he pleases, *Teas or Nays.*

These never fail to shew their utmost Craft,
In sily black'ning those that sit aloft,
But take Advantage of the People's Cries,
And cultivate their Fears and Jealousies ;
Teach 'em to clamour against them that rule,
And turn their best Designs to Ridicule ;
Till, by these Arts, they've outed those that steer'd,
And caus'd some factious Clan to be preferr'd,
Who

Who, with Delight, past Errors may disclose,
But rarely mend the Failings they expose.

*So second Wives oft rail against the first,
Tho', of the two, the latter proves the worst.*

Another motely Faction you may find
Alike displeas'd, but of a diff'rent kind;
These, as they change their Fortunes, change
(their Note,
Are Whigs in Pow'r, and Tories when they're out,
Who wanting neither Cunning, Pride nor Spleen,
Are a smart Compound of two sorts of Men,
Some, who, by Fraud or party Zeal, have lost
Good Stations, others, who were ne'er in Post,
But fairly promis'd by some pow'ful Lord,
Have been postpon'd and fool'd by Breach of Word,
Might therefore justly think themselves ill us'd,
And their known Merits question'd or abus'd;
These, with low Pockets, make a knotty Band,
Rare Tools in a discarded Statesman's Hand,
Who countermines the Court to reinstate
Himself and Friends, or to revenge his Hate;
For the proud Man, that once enjoy'd the Fruit
Of Pow'r, can ne'er be easy when he's out;
Desire of Wealth and Grandeur fills his Mind;
And to inferior Comforts makes him blind.

There

Therefore, remember this, my dearest Son,
 Men seek not great Employments from the
 (Throne,
 To serve the publick Int'rest, but their own.

When thus, among the Wisdom of the Land,
 As Business calls, you can a Seat command,
 Tho' you've Assurance and sufficient Parts
 To back or thwart what any Member starts;
 Be silent for a Time, observe the Rules
 And standing Orders of this School of Schools:
 Hear how the leading Partizans contend,
 And strictly mind what Int'rest they defend;
 By their warm Speeches, you may eas'ly guess
 What Spokesman has a Pension or a Place,
 Which the good Men, that no Preferment seek,
 But for the publick Welfare boldly speak;
 Who the unkennel'd Foxes that support
 The snarling Faction, noxious to the Court;
 Which Party seems most stupid, which most
 (bright,
 Who favours Wrong and who espouses Right;
 Who are for less'ning what the Nation bears,
 And who for Taxes, Poverty and Wars;
 By these due Observations, you may find
 How Men, for Int'rest, waver like the Wind,
 And,

And, by the labour'd Speeches that they make,
 Whose Hearts are most sincere, whose Hands most
 (black;

In all Assemblies that abound in Sense,
 Gold will obtain more Votes, than Eloquence;
 Fine Speeches may delight the Ears of Some,
 But Gold will even charm the Deaf and Dumb,
 Indulge our Lusts, accommodate our Pride,
 And do a thousand wondrous Things beside.

In this Divan, where Men of Wisdom meet,
 With whom I'm now preparing you to sit,
 Three pow'rful Parties will surround the Chair
 When two combine, the third must have a Care
 If Court and Country join, and bear the Sway,
 Then Trade must feel the Burthen of the Day;
 If Court and City cordially agree,
 Then must the Land the greatest Suff'rer be;
 But when the Knight and trading Party join,
 Then will the Int'rest of the Court decline,
 And those Jac-calls that hunt the Lyon's Prey
 Must truckle, and to publick Good give Way

When you have watch'd the Contests that arise
 Among the Learn'd, the Politick and Wise,
 You'll then, my Son, be able, like the rest,
 To judge, which Party suits your Int'rest best

Who are the fav'rite Spokesmen, that are most
 In Fee with the great Man that rules the Roast,
 And upon all Occasions labour hard
 To gain those Points the Faction would retard;
 Strike in with these, and strenuously exert
 Your Parts, in favour of the craving Court;
 Extol your Prince, in Ev'ry warm Debate,
 And highly praise the Conduct of the State;
 The worse they steer, commend 'em still the more,
 And find a healing Salve for Ev'ry Sore;
 Till, by repeted Speeches, you have shown
 Abilities and Will, to serve the Throne;
 By these soft Means ingratiate, if you can,
 Your self with him that is the pow'rful Man;
 Attend his Levee daily, be his most
 Obsequious Vassal, till you've gain'd a Post;
 Then let your Loyalty still brighter shine,
 Not only in the House, but o'er your Wine;
 Be bold and popular in Ev'ry Thing,
 Make the whole Town of your Deportment ring,
 And crown your publick Riots with, *God save*
the King.

But if this Method meets with no Regard,
 And your good Service fails of a Reward,

Then change your Party, that the Court may see
 Ambition superseds your Loyalty;
 Join with those factious Hotspurs, that explode
 The State, and cry aloud for publick Good;
 Foment Divisions, widen Ev'ry Breach,
 And fill with dark Complaints each galling Speech;
 Strike at the Junto home that bears the Sway,
 But do it in a Senatory Way;
 Keep your self safe, yet daringly reflect,
 In Hints ironical, Court-Faults detect,
 And shew your high Resentment for Neglect.

Merit has but two Ways to climb at Court,
 One is to Flatter, t'other is to Thwrat;
 The first is safe and easy, but the last
 Is rough and oft with threat'ning Storms o'ercast;
 Therefore, when e'er you steer the latter Course,
 Guard your self well against Superior Force,
 Lest jealous Pow'rs that guide the Helm of State,
 Should strain the Laws, to bring about the Fate
 Of an aspiring Foe, they either Fear, or Hate.

Take care, the Leader of your factious Clan
 Be wealthy, and a proud ambitious Man;
 One that has ierv'd the Throne in lofty Spheres
 And been conversant with the Court, for Years

Will

y see Wife in his Conduct; when in Pow'r, approv'd;
 Without just Cause, capriciously remov'd;
 lode Or that his Prince, perhaps, might have in view
 ; Inglorious Ends, too dangerous to pursue,
 Such as no great or good Man, for the Sake
 speech; Of Royal Smiles, would care to undertake;
 ay, Therefore, resign'd his opulent Command,
 To a less rich or more audacious Hand:
 } For he that leans upon a Royal Throne,
 And disapproves his Will that sits thereon,
 lect. } Or deviates from the Scheme his Prince has laid,
 Must lose his Post, at least, if not his Head;
 court, As little Clouds sometimes great Storms portend,
 So small Disgusts in Tyrants, often end
 With' hasty Ruin of a cautious Friend. }

ercast; Therefore, the prudent Statesman, when re-
 Course, mov'd,
 ce, Tho' highly, when employ'd, caress'd and lov'd,
 State, } Must, for his Safety, countermine the Court,
 e Fate } Lest those in Favour should conspire his Hurt;
 Hate. } For 'tis the Pride of Juntos, when arriv'd
 s Clan At Pow'r, to woory those they have depriv'd;
 ; Knowing, the Politician, when disgrac'd,
 Spheres Will fly to them that think themselves oppress'd,
 or Years And spirit up a Faction, to decry
 Will The Conduct of the ruling Ministry,

And

And use all Means to craftily revenge
 His Fall, by working some destructive Change,
 And form such Schemes, as may, perhaps, con-
 strain
 His Prince to call him to the Helm again.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing CANTO.

*Tho' some ambitious Men may climb aloft
 By servile Flatt'ry, or nefarious Craft,
 Yet those that by such Methods rise at Court,
 Too often find their hasty Reign but short ;
 Unworthy Tools an Eminence may gain,
 But he's the Man that can his Post Maintain ;
 Unequal Fav'rites may to Pow'r aspire,
 But rarely keep the Stations they acquire ;
 Young Phaeton drove the Chariot of the Sun,
 But by his own misguidance was undone ;
 Headless o' th' wise Instructions of his Sire,
 He scorch'd the Heav'ns and set the Earth on Fire ;
 So the great Man that proudly ridicules
 All moral Virtues and religious Rules,
 That mocks the Priesthood, does the Church despise,
 And thinks, that to be wicked's to be wise,
 In daring Schemes, against his God rebels,
 And proves a Curse to th' Kingdom where he*

(dwells

CANTO.

CANTO V.

The THEME.

*When the young Courtier has obtain'd a Post,
 What Sort of Rules will be of Use the most;
 Which Way to countermine or overthrow,
 A flatt'ring Rival, or a pow'rful Foe;
 What Means are best, if he be near the Throne,
 To fill his Prince's Coffers and his own;
 When rais'd, at last, to an exalted Pitch,
 And made exorbitantly great and rich,
 Till Envy raises Enemies of Court,
 And injur'd Courts begin to throw their Dirt,
 What Methods then, e'er he resigns his Pow'r,
 He ought to take, to make himself secure.*

When in the Road to raise your Fortune high,
 Either by Merit, or by Steps awry,
 No Matter which, push forward, work your Ends,
 Profit and Pow'r will never fail of Friends,
 Such as will varnish ev'ry Ill you do,
 And make your Faults seem Stars to common
 View;
 Be gen'rous, and 'tis easy to command
 A weekly Paper, by an artful Hand,
 He'll be your Scavenger, and sweep you clean,
 From all the Dirt that Envy throws unseen;
 Till

Till you, tho' monstrous, seem to common Eyes,
As bright as Virtue, and as *Solon* wise.

Therefore, my Son, when in the Way to Pow'r,
Just or unjust, neglect no Means an Hour,
Stick at no Mischief, climb the Rounds apace,
Frustration only makes Attempts seem base ;
Greatness derives its opulent Degrees,
Not from right Actions but Obliquities ;
One gainful Fraud, well manag'd in the dark,
Will sooner raise a brisk audacious Spark,
Than fifty brave Exploits, more worthy of Re-
mark.

All Orders, Classes and Degrees of Men,
Impose on other Ranks, o'er whom they reign ;
The Soldier awes his Quarters by the Sword,
The Priest his Parish by the sacred Word ;
The grave Physician, by his Coach and Cant,
Deludes his Patients, to supply his Want ;
The Lawyer, by his Cunning in the Laws,
Bubbles his Clients in each doubtful Cause :
So he, that by his Prince's Favour rules
The Helm, should by his Wisdom drain the
Fools,
And make the lesser Pow'rs his working Tools.

In a true Courtier, Honour or Disgrace,
Is only Disappointment, or Success ;

He that in any Contest wins the Day,
Goes off huzza'd, but t'other sneaks away:
From whence we find the Publick, to their
Shame,

Oft misapply their Praises and their Blame;
For they that rashly censure by Events,
Examine not by Rules, but Accidents,
Which unforeseen, in spite of human Aid,
May overthrow Designs, profoundly laid,
And to support, perhaps, as just a Cause
As e'er was try'd, by Battle or by Laws;
But what wise Man, of the sublimest Sense,
Can answer for the Works of Providence?
Since Right, sometimes, with much inferior Force,
Has giv'n the Wrong, but stronger Side the worse,
And the Wrong, arm'd with little more than spite,
Has turn'd the Tables, and subdu'd the Right.
In short, the wisest Judgments often fail,
We know not how *Astræa* turns her Scale,
Since Right and Wrong alternately prevail.

Therefore, my Son, when you contend with
Foes,

Depend not on the Justice of your Cause,
Fight like a Gen'ral, not a private Man,
Use ev'ry crafty Stratagem you can,

Suc-

Success will make your Enemies obey,
And crown the vilest Trick that you can play.

If you've a Rival that disturbs your Ease,
And fills your Breast with Fears and Jealousies,
Take all Advantage, whether fair or foul,
And never fail to bite before you growl;
Surprize him with a Trip, and when he's
thrown,
Be sure you make the Victory your own,
'Tis easy, when he's fall'n, to keep him down. }

If you've a dang'rous Enemy at Court,
Possess'd of Pow'r and Will to do you Hurt,
Salute him kindly, flatt'r'im to his Face,
And in soft Words your friendly Zeal express;
Such gentle Means his Envy may abate,
And lull his Warmth into a dormant State,
Becalm the Storm that flutters in his Breast,
And in his thoughtful Hours disturbs his Rest,
Till, by some artful Turn, you may e'er long
Divest him of the Pow'r to do you wrong;
For tho' you court his Smiles, and speak him fair,
Still let his Downfal be your daily Care:
Should he by Chance, within your View, slip down
Into a Brook not deep enough to drown,

To help him out, a willing Arm extend,
Such Friendship may, perhaps, make him your
Friend;

But if into a Well you hear him flounce,
Shut down the Lid, get rid of him at once:
For which is best, is difficult to know,
To gain a real Friend, or lose a Foe:

'Tis true, the first may serve you in your Need;
What then, the last may your Designs impede,
And sily work your Ruin, if you take not
Heed.

If 'tis your happy Station, in the Course
Of Fortune, to command the publick Purse,
In Peace or War, alarm the People's Ears
With artful Rumours, to create new Fears,
Of Plots at home, or Dangers from abroad,
By which the Land may greatly be annoy'd;
And bribe some scribbling Wretch, that knows no
Shame,

In his dull Prints to brute abroad the same;
Then by your Agents, in the Senate, press
Fresh Taxes, in this fanciful Distress;
But first prepare the Band that may impede
Your Project, and shake Hands with all that
lead;

G

Among

To

Among the rest, to *M—d H—s* bow low,
 Let not the *R—d* unregarded go;
 Their good Advice in ev'ry nice Design,
 May chance to serve your Int'rest more than mine;
 They, with learn'd Arguments, can turn the
 Scale,
 And o'er the Clamours of the World prevail;
 Or, when Immurgencies of State require,
 Prove all your Lab'ers worthy of their Hire.

When thus prepar'd to speak, then tell the Wife,
 That common Safety calls for large Supplies;
 Your Friends will forward your Design in hand,
 And spur the House to answer your Demand:
 By well projected Stratagems, like these,
 You may deceive the Populace with Ease,
 And raise your Fortune to what Height you
 please.

But still be cautious, tho' you largely share
 The wealthy Sums, the frightened Nation spare;
 Treat no Man with Austerity or Pride,
 Nor brow the Foe that votes not on your Side;
 As brave a Hero as the World e'er bred,
 By vexing one Inferior, lost his Head:

No splendid costly Palaces erect,
 To grace the County that you most affect;
 Lest, by assuming too much outward State,
 You make yourself the Envy of the Great,
 Whilst injur'd Thousands weepingly behold
 Your Vanity, supported by their Gold:
 Tho' rich as *Cræsus*, yet conceal your Wealth,
 Be grand within Doors, and profuse by Stealth;
 Let not your costly Equipage outshine
 The usual Grandeur of the Post you'r in:
 For if you do, tho' from Collusion free,
 The World will still suspect your Probity,
 And ev'ry Mortal harbour in his Breast
 All the ill Thoughts that Envy can suggest:
 Not that I'd have you boast or practise more
 True Honour, than the vilest Wretch in Pow'r;
 But, in all Frauds, go tenderly to Work,
 And bite unselt, as if your Teeth were Cork:
 When you mean Hurt, put on a smiling Face,
 Good Looks give evil Deeds a comely Grace;
 Stick at no Arts your Genius can command,
 To hide or further your Designs in hand;
 The crafty Hypocrite puts on the Saint,
 And gains his Ends by Gravity and Cant;
 The cunning Jilt affects a modest Air,

And

No

And paints her Rott'nness, to appear more fair:
 Both Sexes find our Methods to eschew
 The Censures of the Publick; why not you?
 Externals wisely manag'd, oft disguise
 The worst of Villains, to the sharpest Eyes,
 And, from the most discerning Judgments,
 skreen

The wicked'st Actions of the vilest Men:
 What Mortal dare suspect, at least assert,
 A miter'd Head an Atheist in his Heart?
 Or who, that does a Judge in Robes behold,
 Can think his Hands would grasp forbidden
 Gold?

Yet, in authentick History, we find
 Such Monsters have appear'd among Mankind;
 And, when detected, have at last come off
 In Pomp, and made the injur'd World their Scoff:
 Enjoy'd their Wealth, obtain'd by wicked Means,
 And proudly glory'd in their gainful Sins;
 As if Laws penal only were design'd
 For Fools and Knaves of the inferior Kind:
 The Great may plunder Nations with Applause,
 And boldly bid Defiance to the Laws;
 Their golden Armour is a sure Defence,
 And burnishes their Crimes with Innocence;
 Their

Their whole Divan will for his Lordship plead,
 Their Eyes are dazzl'd, when their Palms are fed.
 No Guilt can the unerring Law behold
 In him, that blinds her with prevailing Gold;
 But the poor tatter'd Slave, that robs for Food,
 Shall die unpity'd to amuse the Crowd,
 And at old *Tyburn*, make a mournful Speech,
 That Tree, which grones for those it cannot reach.

Therefore, my Son, get Riches, if you can,
 Gold will not only make, but save a Man;
 The envy'd Statesman on his Wealth depends,
 He knows full Bags to be his surest Friends:
 Tho' deaf and dumb, they'll baffle fifty Laws,
 And are rare Council in a rotten Cause.
 All Things in this low'r World, are bought and sold,
 No Mortal soars above the Reach of Gold:
 Justice, herself, forgets to be severe,
 When *Mammon* whispers Mercy in her Ear,
 That God will make the proudest Virtue fall,
 Unless the splendid Off'ring be too small.
 Enough you'll find, will bribe the fairest Saint,
 Give sudden Silence to a just Complaint,
 And even save a C—s from due Punishment.

There-

Therefore, take heed, when you arrive at Pow'r,
 Hope not by virtuous Means to be secure,
 But place your Safety, as a Statesman ought,
 In wealthy Sums, no matter how they're got,
 They'll stand your Advocates, in ev'ry Case,
 When other Friends forsake you in Distress;
 Set all your wrong Administration right,
 And make your blackest Actions Jewel bright:
 As wise Adepts, or Alchymists of old,
 Turn'd base, ignoble Metals into Gold;
 Or as our modern Barbers, skill'd in Hair,
 Bleech the most dingy Colours into fair.

When, by these useful Mysteries of State,
 You've made yourself profoundly rich and great,
 Rais'd your most trusty Friends and near Allies,
 To all the best Preferments that arise;
 Then cast a velum Mantle o'er your Crimes,
 And for a safe Retreat provide betimes,
 E're the gull'd Nation, or the injur'd Throne,
 Grow angry at the gainful Lengths you've run,
 An *Essex* Lyon's manufactur'd Skin,
 By virtue of some Words contain'd therein,
 May wipe, at once, the foulest Traitor clean.

Let not your Prince's Favour, or your Pride,
 Make you disdain to be indemnify'd;
 Since Men of upright Conduct in the State,
 For want of such a Skreen, have stoop'd to Fate:
 Nations, that do but think themselves oppress'd,
 Grow wild, and are of frantick Fits possess'd;
 And when they shake their Clubs, and rowl their
 Eyes,

Like Gods, must be appeas'd by Sacrifice.
 Therefore, take Care, e're you resign your Pow'r,
 By proper Means, to make yourself secure;
 Then if the dire Resentments of the Age
 Should swell, and burst into an open Page,
 Do you retire, let careless Fools be slain,
 And with their Blood the publick Scaffold stain,
 When the distemper'd Kingdom wants to breathe
 a Vein.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing CANTO.

*Ambition with true Christian Honour join'd,
 Illustrates Virtue, and exalts the Mind;
 To real Greatness shews a pleasing Way,
 And makes Man fit to govern or obey;
 But, when she shakes off all religious Rules,
 To propagate vile Schemes, by wicked Tools,*

And

*And will admit of no Restraint from Evil,
 Ambition then turns Man into a Devil,
 Presenting still to his insatiate Eye
 Some tempting Object, dangerously high,
 Till, like bold Icarus, he flies at all,
 Melts his Wax-wings, and dreadful is his Fall.
 Ambition's only Luciferian Pride,
 Unless she's by Religion qualified;
 Whene'er she spurs the Politician on,
 To beggar Kingdoms, or betray the Throne;
 She only plays the Hag, in Triumph rides,
 And terrifies the Mind where she presides;
 Sets distands Grandeur in a glaring Light,
 And, like an Ignis Fatuus, wrongs the Sight.
 But, when she glows in the religious Breast,
 That does, to Pow'r, ignoble Steps detest,
 She makes the Hero brave, the Statesman just,
 And truly equal to the greatest Trust;
 Inspires the active Worthy to excel,
 And manage all Negotiations well:
 Such should the Fav'rites be that bear Command
 O'er servile Crowds, and rule at second Hand,
 Men, who, like lofty Towers, the greater Height
 They're built, the more they should the World
 delight
 In being rais'd so high, and yet upright.*